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A SATYR *upon the* French *King*,

Written by a Non-Swearing Parſon, and drop'd out of his Pocket at *Samm*'s Coffee-Houſe.

28. Oct. 1697.

Facit indignatio Verſum.

AND haſt thou left Old *JEMMY* in the Lurch?
A plague confound the Doctors of thy Church.
Then to abandon poor *Italian Molly*,
That I' had' the ſinking of thy Bumm with Holly!
Next to diſcard the Virtuous Prince of *Wales*,
How ſuits this with the Honour of *Verſailes*?
Fourthly, and Laſtly, to renounce the *Turks*,
Why, this is the Devil, the Devil, and all his Works.
Were I thy Confeſſor, who am thy Martyr,
Doſt think that I'de allow thee any Quarter,
No—thou ſhoudſt find what 'tis to be a Starter.
Lord! with what monſtrous Lies, and ſenſeleſs Shamms,
Have we been cullied all a-long at *Samms*.
Who cou'd have e're believ'd, unleſs in Spite,
Lewis le Grand wou'd turn rank *Williamite*?
Thou, that haſt Look'd ſo fierce, and Talk'd ſo bigg,
In thy Old Age to dwindle to a *Whigg*,
By Heaven, I ſee thou'rt in thy heart a Prigg.
I'de not be for a Million in thy Jerkin,
'Fore *George* thy Soul's no bigger than a Gerkin:
Haſt thou for this ſpent ſo much *Ready Rhino*?
Now, what the Plague will become of *Jure Divino*?
A Change ſo monſtrous I cou'd ne're have thought,
Though *Partridge* all his Stars to vouch it, brought,
S'life, I'le not take thy Honour for a Groat.
Ev'n Oaths, with thee, are only things of Courſe,
Thou 'Zoons, thou art a Monarch for a Horſe.
Of Kings diſtreſs'd thou art a fine Scourer,
Thou make'ſt me Swear, that am a known *Non-Juror*.
But tho' I ſwear thus, as I ſaid before,
Know, King, I'le place it all upon thy Score.
Were *Job* alive, and banter'd by ſuch Shuffiers,
He'd out-rail *Oati*, and Curſe both thee and *Bouffiers*.
For thee I've loſt, if I can rightly ſcann 'em,
Two Livings worth full Eighrſcore Pounds *per Annum*,
Bonæ, & legalis Angliæ Monetæ,
But now I'm clearly routed by the Treaty.
Then Geeſe and Pigs my Table ne're did fail,
And Tyth-Eggs merrily flew in like hail,
My Barns with Corn, my Cellars cramm'd with Ale.
The Dice are chang'd, for now, as I'm a ſinner,
The Devil, for me, knows where to buy a Dinner.
I might as ſoon, tho' I were ne're ſo willing,
Raiſe a whole Troop of Horſe, as one poor Shilling.
My *Spouſe*, Alaſs; muſt flaunt in Silks no more,
Pray Heaven, for Suſtenance, ſhe turn not Whore;
And Daughter *Peggy* too, in time, I fear,
Will learn to take a Stone up in her Ear.
My Friends have baſely left me with my place,
What's worſe, my very Pimples bilk my face.
And frankly my Condition to diſcloſe,
I moſt reſent th' ungratitude of my Noſe,
On which tho' I have ſpent of Wine ſuch ſtore,
It now looks paler than my Tavern ſcore.

My double Chin's dismantled, and my Coat is
Past its best days, *in Verbo Sacerdotis*.
My Breeches too this morning, to my wonder,
I found grown Schismatics, and fallen asunder.
When first I came to Town with Houshold-Clogg,
Rings, Watch, and so forth, fairly went for Progg.
The Ancient *Fathers* next, in whom I boasted,
Were soon exchang'd for primitive Boil'd and Roasted.
Since 'tis no Sin of Books to be a Glutton,
I truck'd *St. Austin* for a Leg of Mutton.
Old *Jerom*'s Volumes next I made a Rape on,
And melted down that Father for a Capon.
When these were gone, my Bowels not to balk,
I trespass'd most *enormously* in Chalk.
But long I had not Quarter'd upon Tick,
E're Christian Faith, I found, grew monstrous sick:
And now, Alass! when my starv'd Entrails croke,
At *Partner How*'s I Dine and Sup on Smoke.
In fine, the Government may do its Will,
But I'm afraid my Guts will *Grumble* still.

Dennis, of *Sicily*, as Books relate, Sir,
When he was tumbled from the Regal State, Sir,
(Which, by the by, I hope will be your Fate, Sir,)
And his good Subjects left him in the lurch,
Turn'd Pedagogue, and *Tyrannix'd* in Birch:
Tho' thus the *Spark* was taken a pegg lower,
Some feeble signs of his old State he bore,
And Reign'd o're Boys, that Govern'd Men before.
For thee I wish some Punishment that worse is,
Since then thou 'hast spoil'd my Prayers, now hear my Curses.
May thy Affairs (for so I wish by Heavens)
All the World o're at Sixes ly and Sevens.
May *Conti* be impos'd on by the *Primate*,
And forc'd, in hast, to leave the Northern Climate:
May he rely upon their Faith, and try it,
And have his Bellyfull of the *Polish Dyet*.
May *Maintenon*, tho' thou so long hast kept her,
With Brand-Venereal finge thy Royal Scepter.
May all the Poets, that thy Fame have scatter'd,
Un-god thee now, and Damn what once they flatter'd.
The Pope, and Thou, be never Cater Cosins,
And *Fistula's* thy Arse-hole seize by Dozens.

Thus far in Jest; but now, to pin the basket,
Mayst thou to *England* come, of *Jove* I ask it,
Thy wretched Fortune, *Lewis*, there to prop,
I hope thou'lt in the *Fryars* take a shop.
Turn Puny-Barber there, bleed lousy Carmen,
Cut Corns for Chimney-Sweepers, and such Vermin,
Be forc'd to Trimm (for such I'me sure thy Fate is,)
Thy own *Hugonots*, and Us *Non-Jurors*, gratis.
May *Savoy* likewise with thee hither pack,
And carry a *Raree-Show* upon his back.
May all this happen, as I've put my Pen to't,
And may all *Christian* People say *Amen* to't.

London, Printed for *Will. Jac-about*, in the Year of Peace.